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OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—
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(See page 25)

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I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 2

February 12, 1809

Abraham Lincoln

April 15, 1865

THE LATE HON. ALBERT E. PILLSBURY in "Lincoln and Slavery"

WHEN the conflict between Freedom and Slavery in this nation was approaching its crisis, in the struggle for possession of the Nebraska territory, a new and singular figure appeared at the front of the political battle in the West, moved to the head of events, passed across the world's stage, and in the short space of seven years had vanished from the sight of man.

The awkward rustic, reviled and lampooned over two continents, in four years is canonized by mankind. Without origin, without training, without an external attraction, without a worldly advantage, the meanly-born child of a poor and shiftless emigrant makes his way out of the wilderness to fix for all time the eyes of the world as leader of a people, liberator of the slave, deliverer of his country, and in another turn of the kaleidoscope, to be numbered with martyrs and saints in glory everlasting.

We have a new contributor to our columns this month. Read his "Conservation of Beauty".

Some six and a half million licensed hunters in the United States this past year. Add the millions unlicensed. And every year the number increases.

The *Pittsfield Eagle* tells us of a well-known trapper who did what he could among his friends to defeat our Anti-Steel-Trap bill, and then went to the polls and so misread the bill as to vote for it instead of against it.

Should another war break out, there will be found as never before citizens who, like Einstein, will refuse to endorse the war or to take up arms, no matter what the penalty may be which state or nation may endeavor to inflict.

There is much in Lincoln's character that seems inscrutable. The occult and mystic temperament, the prompting voice within him, the distraught moods, the saturating melancholy, the recurring dream, the premonitions of violent death, the minor key in which his whole life was attuned, relieved only by the unfailing strain of humor,—these are not idle tales but established facts.

The faith that directed and sustained him in the mighty task of achieving for his country the "new birth of freedom" is revealed, with Hebraic grandeur, in that inspired passage of his last address to the nation:—

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood

drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

Mystery and portent were over and about him to the end. On the morning of his last day, he said to the assembling cabinet, "Gentlemen, something serious is about to happen. I have had a strange dream, and have a presentiment such as I have had several times before, and always just before some important event. . . . But let us proceed to business." The business of the day, following upon the collapse of the rebellion, was to hasten the return of peace and national unity. With no word of triumph, but pardon and reconciliation on his lips, the travail over, the task accomplished, in a moment he was snatched from the summit of his greatness to pure and imperishable fame.

Athens has an S. P. C. A. and a Dogs' Refuge. The celebrated Greek statesman, Venizelos has paid it a visit, and, as minister of hygiene, interested himself in the method of the dogs' capture and the way they are put to sleep.

Twice as many lynchings in the United States during 1930 as during 1929. Of course nearly all the victims of this outbreak of barbarism among the people of a few states were Negroes—American citizens guaranteed a fair trial.

Movies of trained animal acts may amuse those ignorant of the sufferings caused many of these poor creatures in the process of training. But, soon or late, public opinion will end this cheap form of amusement, as it has already largely ended the living animals' performance on the stage.

Sixty Years of Education

When one thinks of the more than sixty years that our Societies have been sowing the seeds of justice and compassion toward all animal life in the schools of Massachusetts, how can he help wondering at a majority vote of 400,000 for our anti-steel-trap bill? The greater part of these votes came from voters who were once children in our schools. It can also be said with truth that seldom do our prosecuting officers have any complaint against those who have grown up in the schools of the Commonwealth.

Watch for announcement of Be Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday plans in the next (March) issue of *Our Dumb Animals*. Attractive posters are now ready at reasonable prices. Remember the dates: Be Kind to Animals Week, April 20-25; Humane Sunday, April 19, 1931.

The Training of Elephants

Elephants are either trained for stage performances by cajolery or by violence, that is—physical force. When the former fails, the latter method is resorted to. This is described as follows in "The Gentle Art of Training Wild Beasts":—

"Strong ropes are attached to the chains on the animal's fore legs, and he is hoisted by sheer force until he stands erect upon his hind legs.



SOMETIMES TRAINED BY CRAFT, MORE OFTEN BY FORCE

"Similar methods are brought into play to teach the 'head stand.' The animal's fore legs are fastened so that he cannot move, and then ropes are tied around his hind quarters. These ropes are passed through a pulley overhead and, at a signal from the trainer, the beast is tilted up in the air until he is in danger of falling on his head, and naturally supports himself upon his trunk and fore legs. This is continued until he knows that, at a given cue, he must either do a 'head stand' or suffer the unpleasant feeling of being hoisted.

"In teaching an elephant to beat a bass drum with his tail, the trainer pads the end of the tail, and then ties it to the end of a long, slender rope, which is passed through a pulley on the farther side of the drum. By suddenly pulling this rope the trainer jerks the tail against the drum, and he continues to do so at quick intervals, until the animal understands that he must swing his tail when the drum is placed behind him, else the tail will be jerked, with accompanying prods from the hook. Other tricks are taught in the same way. It is all mechanical—all physical force. The beast has no more intelligent initiative than a mechanical toy. When properly pointed and wound up, he goes; otherwise, he stands still. Without the ropes, the steel, and the whip, the Singer Building would do tricks as readily as an elephant."

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A Texas Steer Pleads for Fair Play

LUCILLE V. KAUFMAN

It came to me first from the eyes of a steer at a rodeo, and since then, I seldom attend a sports event wherein animals are a factor that I do not see some further evidence of it in one form or another. It may be the tightening of a race-horse's muscles when the track is slippery, or a complete balk at a hurdle; but it is there—a terrified resistance to a threatening danger—a mute appeal for fair play.

It was the last day of the rodeo at Fort Worth, Texas, and the feature was a bulldogging exhibition by Tris Speaker. The arena was crowded, and the shouts of the cow-boys filled the air as they made valiant efforts to stay astride bucking broncos. The tense excitement finally took vent in thunderous applause as the crowd recognized Speaker.

At this moment from one end of the ring, securely roped and held by cowboys, came the steer that was to be thrown and tied by Speaker. Bewildered by the noise, the animal protested in the only way he could, by bucking and rearing. They brought him to Speaker and then released him. He started to run away. Deftly Speaker lassoed him, and then began a struggle between man and beast.

Speaker, a master of his trade, maneuvered until he saw his way clear to get the proper hold on the animal, and as his tormentor craftily maneuvered, the steer continued to lurch and buck in a frenzy which showed that he considered it a matter of life and death.

His big serious eyes watched the man—as undoubtedly Speaker had watched many a baseball pitcher—awaiting his next move—the difference being, Speaker went into his contests voluntarily, the steer had no choice.

Speaker threw his animal and bound him tightly in record time, and as I left the arena with the bewildered, appealing and terrified eyes of that steer before me, the question came to my mind: "Has civilization in its march through the sports of the centuries learned even the rudiments of fair play to the dumb beasts?"

Let us glance back briefly to another arena, the great Circus Maximus, that magnificent open-air building of ancient Rome which accommodated two hundred thousand spectators. Here chariot racing and beast-fighting were the sports of the

time. Only the horses with proud and lofty spirits were chosen as chariot racers. They were intensively trained, even to the point of tying rollers of wood and weights to their legs to give them the proper foot lifting motion. Anywhere from two to eight horses were used to draw a chariot, but from the moment they entered the race, their proud and lofty spirit was completely disregarded. They were lashed by the long whip of the charioteer, who made every effort to foul rival cars, or to crowd them against the rounding posts, since the smashing of a competitor's chariot, which resulted in the falling of the horses of not only that particular car but often the ones in the rear, was a sure way for the charioteer to gain favor with the audience. Injured horses were dragged from the arena—and the races went on. So much for the life of the animal in the chariot races.

Beast fights were another sport enjoyed by the thrill-seeking Romans. Wild animals, captured and confined for days without food, were turned loose in the arena to fight it out before an audience of both sexes. Gradually this sport widened its scope and an untrained human being and an animal were thrown together into the arena to fight. In this period it would appear that the animal came the nearest to getting what we moderns call a "break," and it is easily imagined that the expression in the eyes of the human being, fighting for his life in the Roman arena, was similar to the look in the eyes of that steer in the Texas arena so many hundreds of years later.

Civilization has taken the human being out of this barbarous condition of sports, undoubtedly because he was able to appeal for himself, but in the years which have followed, the dumb appeal of animals has gone unheeded, and they are still pressed into conflicts over which they have no control, and in which they have no chance.

Spain, with its people's deep-rooted love for bull-fighting, offers no brighter future for the bull unfortunate enough to be born in the near-by countries; for only recently a new political party, having gained control of the Spanish Government, actually heightened its popularity with the people by abolishing all reforms in bull-fighting which had been sponsored by the previous party. By this order, the protective armor is removed from the horses, and fire-darts may once more be used to torture and enrage the unhappy bull, whose reluctance to fight may be a protest against unfairness. Drastic reforms are needed here—reforms which will protect the animal and, at the same time, give to the fury-loving sport fans satisfactory entertainment. Perhaps, it would not be out of order to suggest that Spain go back a bit and take a cue from the untrained human-beast fights of the Circus Maximus, and as Spain has no slaves to draw from, let them draft some enthusiast from the audience to face the bull in the torador's place. Such a reform would doubtless start individual thinking along the lines of sportsmanship.

There are many who will be astonished to learn that cock-fights actually flourish in our midst. But it is a fact that in an old

barn in one of New York State's foremost counties, these gory matches are weekly or bi-weekly occurrences and are enthusiastically supported. Occasionally the police step in and stop one of these affairs, but that particular county appears to be full of old barns which the police don't find—and the sportsmen do.

Organized societies have done much for the welfare of animals, but their efforts will always be a discouraging and uphill fight until the individual is brought to understand his responsibility in the matter. The animal is dependent upon him for placement in this great scheme of life, therefore, it is his duty to make this an age in which humanity sees, recognizes, and rectifies the pleading for justice in the eyes of animals.

..

The huckster smiled happily at the thought that his horse was enjoying a free feed. "You're a good little girl to be so kind to a dumb friend," he said. "But who gave you those carrots?"

The good little girl also smiled happily. "I took them from the back of your wagon," she said simply.

..

The silent influence of books is a mighty power in the world; and there is a joy in reading them known only to those who read them with desire and enthusiasm. Silent, passive, and noiseless though they be, they yet set in action countless multitudes, and change the order of nations.

GILES

Mystery

G. DOUGLAS

*The cattle on a thousand hills,
Beneath the sky by glittering rills:—
Is not their fate a mystery?
Called into life, they moaning die—
Man, by his sin made all awry—
'Tis Nature's strange, sad history.*

*By singing streams in forest's shade,
The bounding, bounding beasts were made
To be a beauteous mystery.
But radiant life, God's gift to all
Can be Hell's dream, through Adam's fall—
A sad heart-searing history.*

*The sheep were present at the sight
Of Angels in the awesome height,
Who told the sacred mystery.
The ass, the lamb, the Holy Dove,
Were touched by Christ, the Prince of Love.
So runs our Bible history.*

*On a white horse, He'll come again,
And judge the cause of beast 'gainst men—
That awful, awful mystery!
Injustice, careless, callous man,
Was surely never in God's plan—
Read well Creation's history.*

*For the ewe lamb by rich man killed,
"That man shall die"—so David willed!
'Tis life that is a mystery.
The ass that spoke, which Balaam rode,
(It needed neither whip nor goad!)
The Angel saw,—says history.*

*For God made beast as well as man—
Read, mark and heed this mystery.*

Conservation of Beauty

WALTER KING STONE

IN a democracy worthy the name, all laws, customs and usages are so framed and built up that every man is protected in his way of life, as long as he does not interfere with the rightful pursuits of another. He is also given his day in court.

I feel that a large and important minority in our country is voiceless and whenever its spokesman tries to plead his case he is ignored in the assembly.

Therefore it gave me pleasure when the

fine imprint of the Pan-like hoof in country lanes brought my spirit up prancing. I now sorely miss it.

In 1916 I wrote an article for the *Connecticut Western News* giving the results of a rather careful study of the food and habits of deer. This study was carried on for six years and consisted of field study; for instance, following on snowshoes a herd of deer in their ramblings for ten miles, carefully observing everything that they had eaten. Also interviewing farmers and investigating cases of destruction of crops.

I was convinced by this investigation that, to say the least, the destruction of crops by deer was very greatly exaggerated and could be made negligible by a little intelligent protection of growing things, much more easily than coping with the destructiveness of cotton-tail rabbits or woodchucks, for instance. I will not go further into this.

As the years have passed I have never been convinced that I was wrong. To be sure, an old friend reports that his tulips have been nipped off as they first sprouted. I do feel sorry for this, but suppose I were the tulip fancier and he the lover of deer, and suppose I put poison on my tulips and killed his deer. There would be loud groans from my friend.

This may seem far-fetched but I can cite a parallel situation. Nowadays most dogs are kept for purely esthetic reasons. They have little economic value, yet dogs are a terrible menace to sheep raising. In large sections of the east the dog problem is so serious that sheep raising scarcely pays. In other words, the dog which has little but esthetic value has all but driven an important agricultural product from certain communities. Now suppose a farmer started a campaign of extermination of all dogs by poison. Would such action arouse indignation? As a lover of dogs I would be one of the loudest protestants.

What are these esthetic values in deer that I regard so highly? This is rather hard to answer, for beauty is an elusive thing, though none the less real.

When I was a little boy in western New York my mother used to stand at the back door of the old homestead and point out to me the spot where my grandfather saw a wild deer come out of the woods beyond the brook. I never tired of hearing her tell of the beautiful creature, the last one ever seen on the farm. I never hoped to see a wild deer.

So when, years later, being tired of city life, my wife and I were searching for a home in the country we had several requirements. There must be stone walls with chipmunks and woodchucks in them, there must be plenty of evergreens for the winter landscape, white birch for that graceful tender note in a rather stern scene, and oh, if we might have wild deer! We finally found a place in Litchfield County, Connecticut, which met all these requirements.



Photo by Chauncey M. Hawkins

"BEAUTY IS AN ELUSIVE THING"

editor of this magazine gave me a chance to talk to a sympathetic audience. My pet grievance is that whenever the conservation of wild life is discussed (with the exception of the protection of song birds) the man who approaches the subject from the standpoint of esthetics is sneered from the discussion with "sentimentalist" ringing in his ears.

In Connecticut up to 1915 there had been a prohibition of deer shooting for a considerable time and deer had increased in number until they could be seen and their beauty admired by anyone with eyes to see. One who took a long walk in Litchfield County could hardly fail to see one of these graceful creatures and there was always that tingling feeling of being on the *qui vive* for such a thrill. One could not walk a half mile along any country road without seeing the fairy heart-shaped prints of their delicate hoofs.

Then this law of protection was removed and today this asset of beauty is no more. On Thanksgiving Day, 1930, I took a ten-mile walk over the hills near Canaan, Connecticut, and saw no trace of deer, not even a track.

We have so few remnants of the untrammelled wilderness left us. In some semi-abandoned hill farms the bark of a fox on still, cold nights, the cry of the loon on a remote lake, the mellow note of the great-horned owl—these voices of the pagan gods we still have and I, for one, would miss them were they to go. The

I will never forget the thrill of our first wild deer. It was on an early winter morning that a wraith-like creature detached itself from the shadowy woodland at the back of the garden patch and stole timidly out into the open. It seemed as if all the world held its breath while the lovely wild thing came into the cleared space; held its breath for fear this delicately beautiful thing would prove to be an apparition from a vivid imagination. I am sure that there is only one other experience that could give me a greater sense of wilderness beauty. If the god Pan would steal out of the woodland, and sitting on a pasture rock against the great heave of blue mountains were to pipe an antique tune from the childhood time of the world.

I reluctantly admit that I cannot hope for this. I'm afraid that I am too gross and material for such experience but, as long as I cannot see Pan and hear his pipes, I cherish the wild beauty and charm of this most perfect embodiment of the spirit of the woods, the deer, and hope that often again I can see the wilderness become real before my eyes as a part of the shadowy forest detaches itself and steps shyly out into the sunlight of my garden.

Animals in Switzerland

The Middle Ages saw the reindeer, elk, bison, and wild ox disappear in Switzerland. The ibex, which is the favorite emblem on the coats-of-arms of many Engadine families, followed in the beginning of the nineteenth century. By the end of that century the beaver, wild boar, bear, lynx, wolf and lammergeier had become extinct. The last bear in Switzerland was killed about 1900. Under protective measures enforced by the park commission good increases have been made in the Swiss national park by the red and roe deer, the snow partridge and the capercaillie. An increase has been shown also in the number of chamois, which in 1927 stood at 1,512. Eight ibex brought from Italy, where a herd of more than 2,000 is kept in the royal Grand Paradis Reserve, were introduced into the park in 1923 and by 1927 had increased to 17.

G. D. KITCHINGMAN



WOODLAND KATYDID CLEANING ITS ANTENNAE

Why Do Insects Sing?

NANCY LYNDON

INSECTS probably make their sounds for the same reason that birds and humans sing, because they love sound and find in it a means of expression; it is part of their lives. This is the opinion of Dr. H. A. Allard, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, who has been making a private and delightfully interesting study of the insect singers, particularly the lowly crickets.

The males among insects are generally the musical ones; they are the ones that have most aptly seized upon the sound waves and used them in varied patterns of rhythm and tone.

We speak of the noisy people in a city, but the katydids and the crickets are more in love with their own voices than any human being that has ever been found. They just "love" to hear themselves.

Dr. Allard says, "I have heard the snowy tree cricket chirp at the rate of about ninety times per minute all night long. Think what that means; 5,400 chirps per hour, 64,800 chirps in a twelve-hour night, nearly 4,000,000 chirps in a period of sixty days, demanding the muscular energy of 16,000,000 wing-strokes on the basis of four strokes for each chirp!"

"I have no doubt many crickets chirp millions of times in the season which constitutes their span of life. What is it all about? It is not alone to attract a mate. No cricket needs to chirp himself to death—chirp a cool four million or five million times night and day in one bush, or perchance on one twig, to win the attention of a silent, lonely female cricket that may be in the vicinity. Here is the weird mystery of insect music, its eternal persistence, an eternal wing play in some restless role of life, designed, it would seem, to keep the insect content and happy while it lives along to the very threshold of old age and death."

One time Dr. Allard captured a musical jumping tree cricket, and took it to his bedroom. He wanted to listen to its silvery, ringing chirps.

"Suddenly, in the night," he said, "I was awakened from my sleep by an exceptional tone struck off by this cricket; a loud clear note devoid of all the quaver which usually attends its tremulous chirp. There were not many of these notes, just a few. I realized that I had heard the jumping tree cricket in some unusual mood, strike off a few of its notes, each made with one draw alone of the scraper across its file vein. The notes were smooth, and as ringing as tones struck on glass or upon a xylophone."

Scientists have turned to a study of some of these sound-making insects and perhaps one day we shall know more about the reason for their hard effort. Many peoples in different parts of the world have wondered and marveled at the music of the lowly crickets.

In dark Africa the natives of Uganda keep crickets to lull them to sleep. In Italy, the crickets have been greatly venerated for their music and have been kept in pretty painted cages to be sold on the streets by peddlers. The Japanese have for centuries enjoyed the music of the crickets. There they are placed in attrac-



ROUND-TIPPED, CONE-HEADED KATYDID

tive bamboo cages, and they are sold in the market-places as canary birds are sold in this country.

Dr. Allard wishes that there was more appreciation of the cricket and his music among hurried Americans. "Many a time I have been asked," he said, "What good are crickets and katydids? Why bother about them?" His answer is that someday we may discover some new facts about Nature's harmony, perhaps some new notes and new variations of musical technique that will repay us in pleasure for all of our efforts.

"Anyway," he answers his questioners, "the singing cricket on my hearth may not add to the contents of my pocket-book, but at times it affords an indefinable inspiration and poetry that reveals new beauties of living, of expression, and of association in the universe. I am better, broader, wiser, happier for having heard the crickets and katydids, for somehow there are points of kinship in our lives, even though our roles of living seem so far apart."

Habitual Picnickers

Two little boys were talking. One said to the other:

"Aren't ants funny little things? They work and work, and never play."

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied the other. Every time I go on a picnic, they are there."

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

Furs and Flowers

WALTER A. DYER

THE last time I was in New York I got lost. It was nothing serious. I found myself again very soon, but while the unusual situation lasted I experienced a curious sensation of being on unfamiliar foreign soil.

It was due to absent-mindedness, a besetting fault of mine. I emerged from the subway somewhere in the Thirties, and, being preoccupied at the time, I inadvertently turned west instead of east. I soon became conscious of the fact that I was not approaching Broadway and the middle avenues but was wandering in cross streets where I had not been for years. I was in the midst of a trade center that I knew nothing about.

I turned the corner into an avenue—Ninth, I think it was—walked down a block, and then back east through another street. In every other shop, it seemed to me, flowers were displayed in extraordinary abundance—orchids, lilies, roses, gardenias, hot-house sweet peas. "Obviously," I thought, "this is one of the centers of the wholesale cut-flower business."

The streets themselves were drab and rather sordid; but the ugly store fronts fairly burst with colorful beauty. Flowers, flowers, flowers—I think I had never before seen so many at one time. All the hues and tints of nature, of the sunset and the sea and the far blue hills, seemed to have been gathered together in these turbid streets. There was something incongruous about it all.

I stopped and peered into one of the shops. Standing in the midst of this concentrated loveliness was one of the most unlovely creatures I have ever seen. Perhaps I do him an injustice. Perhaps it was the sheer contrast that accentuated his ugliness. At any rate, a line from the old missionary hymn recurred to me—"Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

His face was fat and round and pallid, with unshaven chin. His eyes squinted and there were unpleasant lines about his mouth. His hands were soiled and stubby and his clothing spotted and baggy. His expression was that of a man whose vision was incapable of rising above his cash register, a man of mean aspirations and atrophied imagination. A Caliban among the fairies. Standing there beside his pure and beautiful flowers he gave the lie to the Shakespeare quotation, "My nature is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." I passed on in disgust, but I was not to be freed from the sight, for every one of the flower shops seemed to contain his counterpart.

I had at first gazed enthralled at the profusion of flowers. Now I began turning my eyes away from them, and I became aware of the fact that this was a mart of two trades. For nearly every shop that was not a flower store was devoted to the display of pelts. Not soft and alluring furs such as one sees in the windows on Fifth Avenue, but the raw material. The skins of dead foxes, minks, squirrels, and I know not what other poor creatures were hung up in bunches, arranged no doubt according to color and quality. A dozen slaughtered

animals, strung up by their furry tails, swung gently from a cord in a doorway. Dozens more lay in heaps on the counters. Up and down the street hundreds and hundreds of little dead faces looked out at me through the dusty windows, mutely protesting against this horrible traffic to which man, because he is stronger and shrewder than they, has mercilessly condemned them.

And in all these shops ghouls in human form, exactly like those in the flower shops, pawed over the beautiful remains of these dead animals, appraising their money value, criticizing, bargaining.

I could stand it no longer. Even artificial Broadway, with all its irritating turmoil, was better than this. I hurried away



GRAY SQUIRREL IN ITS NATIVE HAUNT,
BRITISH COLUMBIA

from the hideous environment of furs and flowers, but I could not rid myself of the remembered sight of murdered wild creatures and of the degraded humans who were making them items of commerce.

Degraded humans—yes. But degraded by whom?

As I turned at last into Fifth Avenue and faced the sunny slope of Murray Hill, one of the first sights that met my gaze was a woman alighting from an expensive sedan. She was an extraordinarily handsome woman, with something intangible in her bearing that suggested not only pride and wealth but also breeding. She wore at her breast a cluster of orchids, and about her throat was a magnificent sable fur.

As she passed close to me she raised her hand to adjust her fur. It was a beautiful hand, clean and sensitive and soft, with long, tapering fingers—a patrician hand. I could not help wondering what she would have thought of those stubby, grimy, grasping hands that I had seen turning over pelts but a few blocks to the west. Very likely just such hands had preceded hers in the handling of her luxurious sable. I wondered if she would shudder if she knew.

But no, it is not so easy to make even sensitive women shudder at something that does not immediately touch them. It is

easier to put the conscience and the imagination to sleep.

My own imagination was all too active, for it almost seemed as if I could hear, in the midst of the city roar, the thin, agonized cry of a little mother of baby foxes somewhere away off in the bleak and frozen North, as she struggled with her last bit of strength to free herself from one of the cruelest instruments of torture ever devised by man—the toothed steel trap.

When Washing a Dog

S. LEONARD BASTIN

A dog is often very troublesome when he is having a bath, simply because he will not stand still. Here is a little hint which will save a great deal of bother at such times.

When the dog is in the bath gently take hold of one of his front paws and hold this. The whole of the dog's energies will be directed towards maintaining his balance and he will not struggle. In most cases, after doing this a few times, the dog will get so used to being quiet in his tub that he will not attempt to struggle.

Never wet a dog's head or ears until the last moment. If any water gets on his head doggy will be sure to start shaking himself and then there will not be much more peace. A dog with a dry head and ears hardly ever attempts any shaking. Do not pour absolutely cold water over a dog at the end of a warm bath. This frightens him and, in addition, it may give him a severe chill. The water for the rinse should be slightly cooler than that for the bath and one might finish with some that is almost, but not quite, cold.

"Be Kind to Animals"

ARTHUR S. HOLLIS

*The Bible teaches God is love,
The power that gave creation life;
But mortals lost their heritage
When hatred goaded them to strife.*

*The poor dumb beasts have borne the brunt
Of man's inhuman spite;
Yet giving good for ill they toiled
To make his burdens light;
For men have maimed and killed for sport,
While some, with barren hope,
Claim right to torture animals,
If giving science scope.*

*The world must learn that cruelty
Can never make for peace;
Brutality must yield to love,
E'er needless pain can cease.
Mankind has long been ignorant
Of God's all-bounteous plan;
The truth of ever-present life
Will make a nobler man.*

*As twigs are bent, the trees incline,
Is true of human thought;
The children must be rightly trained,
If gentleness is sought.
The plea "Be Kind to Animals,"
Interprets brotherhood,
It proves to men that kindness
Promotes the love of good.*

*At last the world can lift the curse
That long in toils has held it bound,
For now it sees God's life in all,
And lo! the long-lost heaven is found!*

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

FEBRUARY, 1931

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Wild Horses

A CLIPPING has come to us which says that live-stock authorities are considering bombing from airplanes large herds of wild and valueless horses that roam through sections of Oregon, Colorado and Montana. Let us grant all that is said against these roaming herds,—for example, that they spread disease among domestic animals, that they eat up pasturage, that they sometimes break down barriers enclosing private land, that there is no money in catching them, even then to attempt such a method of destruction we do not believe would be permitted for a moment. Probably as many so bombed would be mutilated and painfully wounded as killed. Doubtless there is more idle rumor in the report than truth.

A Tragedy of the Woods

The following letter, written last month to the *Boston Herald*, is but one of many of a similar nature that have come to us from various parts of the United States. They all tell the same pitiful, heart-breaking story of what yearly follows the open season for killing deer.

To the Editor of *The Herald*:

During the past week, motorists in this state have been subject to sights along the road near the Massachusetts state line that would make any human being sick. Just recently, while driving near New Boston, the writer saw a large buck deer which was trying frantically to drag himself into the woods at the side of the road. His hind leg had been shot off at the knee. He had struggled until he had fallen many times on sharp rocks, for the skin was completely scraped off his side and the blood was running in many places. A farmer nearby informed me that he had seen three in just such horrible condition. He was sick over it, and said that he would rather see his crops ruined than to witness such absolute barbarism on the part of so-called sports.

When people who call themselves civilized can permit such actions within a state, how can one believe that the Kingdom of Christ on earth is any nearer realization than it was in the year one?

J. L. McKEON

Hartford, Ct., Dec. 16.

Albert E. Pillsbury

IN the death of this distinguished jurist, December 23 last, our two Societies lost not only one of their staunchest and most loyal friends, but one who, as our legal Counselor, had given us for thirty years the generous service of his rare ability as a great lawyer. Samuel L. Powers, in respect, it has been said, to age and accomplishment his prototype, once remarked that if he were called upon to indicate the keenest and most logical legal mind among his associates, he would name that of Albert E. Pillsbury. We have known many men with unusual mental gifts but among them all no man with a mind that saw with such clearness and certainty of vision to the heart of such problems as were brought before him. His mind moved forward to its conclusion with a sureness that precluded the necessity of any retreat. Few were the members of the bar that cared to meet him in the trial of a case. He had in former days served the Commonwealth both in the House and in the Senate and as Attorney General.

There were many elements of greatness in Mr. Pillsbury's character. A student of history and literature, familiar with the best thinking of the past, he had a knowledge of the story of American life, its politics and statesmanship, and a never-failing sense of humor that made him a conversationalist with whom it was a delight to meet.

Of his writings, one stands out above all the others for its beauty as literature and as a historical study. It is his "Lincoln and Slavery". He had few equals in his knowledge of Lincoln, and few saw more deeply into the character of the great emancipator or understood better the significance of his life not only for America but for the world.

Too few, however, were those to whom he was willing to reveal his inner self. Naturally of a somewhat austere nature, impatient with trivial annoyances as all genius has ever been, the deeper and tenderer impulses of his heart escaped the knowledge of those who saw only the outward man. The writer of these words, who for twenty years had come necessarily into close contact with him, who had come to know both that side of his character that held you aloof and that which won you to him, cherishes, with the highest regard for his intellectual ability, an abiding affection for one whose friendship was an honor of which any man might be proud. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. received, sometime before his death, a gift of \$25,000 from Mr. Pillsbury, and our two Societies were among the eleven organizations designated in his will as residuaries.

...

Congratulations to the new publication, *Animal Life*, the illustrated animal and nature magazine of Canada,—new in title only, as it is the successor of the *Humane Pleader*, the monthly organ of the Toronto Humane Society, 11 St. Albans Street, Toronto, Ont., which now enters its twentieth year of successful publication. We bespeak a greatly increased circulation for this enterprising periodical in its home land, and suggest that it would be a very welcome visitor in any American home or school.

The World Court

THIS magazine since its foundation has been interested in whatever concerned the welfare of men as well as animals. Mr. Angell made it a weapon to attack injustice, wrong, cruelty, oppression, whatever forms these evils took or whatever the objects that might suffer from them. It has always denounced war. It has always sought those things that make for peace between men and nations. It has done its full share during the last sixty years in educating millions of the youth of this and other lands in those principles that mean peace and good will instead of the savagery, barbarism and insanity of war.

Apparently our adherence to the World Court is to be held up for another year in spite of the demand of what we cannot help believing is the expression of the nation's wisest and most far-seeing men and women. Think of these words spoken by President Hoover last April:—

"Such a court—the World Court—has been established at The Hague with the aid of American jurists. It has been accepted by ninety per cent of the civilized people of the earth. It is established, and no other court is practicable. Adherence to that court by the United States has been earnestly recommended by every one of our Presidents and every one of our Secretaries of State living since its inception."

And then think of those who seem to want to block every movement that might mean our joining with the rest of the civilized world in the effort to lessen the possibilities of war! With all the unspeakable horror of those years between 1914 and 1918 still haunting our days like terrifying ghastly skeletons, nations are still arming to the teeth, squandering their people's money to get ready for another war, and America won't join the World Court or the League of Nations. It's an old, old saying—"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

The Law and the Cat

A sportsman in the State of Washington wrote Attorney General John H. Dunbar to know about the rights of sportsmen to kill cats as predatory animals. Here is the Attorney General's reply:—

"Unofficially I may advise you a cat has the same freedom as a dog," Dunbar wrote Davison. "You may kill it if it attacks you or your family or any animal you own—but you can't kill it merely because it trespasses on your property."

Some cats may be just plain vagrants who go roaming and pilfering about the neighborhood in the usual feline manner, but if they prove disturbing the humane society will take care of them, Dunbar said.

...

And now comes a new monthly periodical, *Animaldom*, issued by the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. to inform its members of the progress of its work. Vol. 1, No. 1, is a modest 4-page folder, but full of interesting articles, including a poem and a cross-word puzzle. Congratulations, Brother Rutherford! The name selected is a happy choice.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers 12,741
Cases investigated 532
Animals examined 3,652
Number of prosecutions 13
Number of convictions 12
Horses taken from work 51
Horses humanely put to sleep 89
Small animals humanely put to sleep 970

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected 29,066
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep 51

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Dr. George B. Twitchell of Greenfield, and Michael Winburn of Paris, France.

January 13, 1931.

For the last time we call attention to our new Humane Calendar for 1931, with its attractive picture, in colors, of the Long Island home of John Howard Payne, showing a family with horse, dog, and sleigh. A few copies only are left. Price, 20 cents each, two for 35 cents, \$1.80 per dozen, postpaid.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., *Ass't Chief*
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
C. G. HALL, D.V.M.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER

| Hospital | | Dispensary | |
|--|-----|------------|---------|
| Cases entered | 622 | Cases | 1,824 |
| Dogs | 452 | Dogs | 1,437 |
| Cats | 148 | Cats | 358 |
| Horses | 12 | Birds | 24 |
| Birds | 7 | Horses | 4 |
| Monkeys | 2 | Monkey | 1 |
| Rabbit | 1 | | |
| Operations | 606 | | |
| Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915 | | | 92,609 |
| Dispensary Cases | | | 190,347 |
| Total | | | 282,956 |

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in December

For unnecessarily failing to provide proper food and drink for his pigs a defendant was found guilty and fined \$20.

Beating horses, two defendants were found guilty, each placed on probation for one year after paying costs.

For inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon a fowl, defendant sentenced to three months at House of Correction, suspended for two years.

Failing to provide proper shelter for horse, fine \$20.

For inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon a fowl a youth was sentenced to Industrial School for Boys, sentence suspended for two years.

Cruelly killing a dog by shooting with rifle, fine \$25.

For failing to provide proper food for five hogs, fine \$25.

Failing to provide proper shelter for ten pigs, fine \$35.

Selling a horse unfit for labor, fine \$10, sentence suspended for three months then case filed.

Failing to provide proper food for horse, fined \$25 and sentenced to thirty days at House of Correction, latter suspended.

Driving a galled horse, fine \$10.

Unnecessarily failing to provide proper food, drink, etc., for two horses, fine \$10.

Mr. Talbot's Talks in Schools

In December Mr. L. Raymond Talbot gave his illustrated lecture on animals, under the auspices of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., before junior high schools in Leominster, Saugus and Methuen, before the Classical high school, Worcester, and the high school at Hanover, reaching in all 2,640 pupils.

The week of October 12 to 18, 1930, was observed as Animal Welfare Week in New Zealand, sponsored by the S. P. C. A.

Christmas Dinners for Horses

THE Christmas Tree for Horses as a day-before-the-holiday feature in Post Office Square, Boston, was by necessity abandoned this year owing to construction work and changes in traffic rules affecting that locality. It was a disappointment to many who have found pleasure in participating in this unique humane celebration which was first started fifteen years ago.

But without an attractive Tree in an ideal setting conveniently accessible to so many work-horses and their human friends alike, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. distributed more feed to horses on the streets and at the stables than for several years past. With three three-horse vans (see front cover) bearing signs on each side:

FREE CHRISTMAS DINNERS FOR HORSES

MASS. SOCIETY PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

loaded with individual bags of oats, cut apples and carrots, sweetened by donations of sugar, those sections of the city daily frequented by the teaming horses were traversed and the generous Christmas rations distributed.

Hot coffee, sandwiches and doughnuts for the drivers were carried on each van and could be had for the taking. Many of the recipients drew aside from the beaten paths to give their horses a few minutes to enjoy a toothsome Christmas meal, while for those too busy to tarry or even stop, bags of feed were put upon their trucks by the Society's men.

In a pre-Christmas write-up of this annual custom a Boston reporter somewhat ruefully said:

"So one of Boston's unique institutions has come to the parting of the ways. Along with its horses, Bostonians will probably feel twinges of regret, for no more picturesque and kindly Christmas custom has ever before been equalled anywhere in the country."

A visitor to Boston who once witnessed the colorful event, observed afterwards with an awed and admiring shake of the head: "Where but in Boston would you see such a sight?"

This year's Horses' Christmas, if experimental, was successful and may well be continued. Perhaps Boston's work-horses shared in the Yuletide cheer even better than in previous years!

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payment of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Field Representative

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The Fountain at Fez

JUST outside our Fondouk at Fez, near the corner by the entrance, a Memorial Fountain is being built by Mrs. Louis Riccard in memory of her daughter, Miss Rosalie Bull, who was President of the Taormina (Sicily) S. P. C. A. for nearly fourteen years. It will bear these two inscriptions—the first in Arabic, the second, naturally, in English.

"VERILY THERE ARE REWARDS FOR DOING GOOD TO DUMB ANIMALS AND GIVING THEM WATER TO DRINK."

(The Koran)

In
Loving Memory
of
ROSALIE A. I. BULL
of
Devonshire, England
and
Taormina, Sicilia
devoted worker in both
these countries
for
S. P. C. A.

Erected by her Mother
1931

An Appeal to the Teacher

LUCIA F. GILBERT

Fellow-teacher,
Do you love animals?
Do you at least not want to see them
cruelly treated?
If so, please read on.
If you have no interest in animals, prob-
ably you won't read on.

"Animals" means birds too, of course.
Won't you please teach your children to
love them?
And to put themselves in the place of the
helpless?

Nothing inspires the quality of mercy like
Practising it.
To rescue a tormented woodchuck
From a bigger boy,
Makes a boy a Knight
Quicker than the grandest picture of Sir
Galahad.

To give a home to a homely, homeless cat
Starts the future Florence Nightingales
and Jane Addamses brewing
Better than "Memory Gems" on the black-
board.
And I am an enthusiast for "memory
gems,"
And Watts' "Sir Galahad" is beautiful in
the school-room.

St. Francis of Assisi ran the only
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to
Animals
In the Middle Ages;
But the world could never forget his
"Little Brothers of the Woods" and his
"Little Sisters of the Air."

After quite a spell,
Abraham Lincoln joined St. Francis' So-
ciety,
And kept busy with it
From the log cabin to the White House.
Do your children know that his first
school-composition was on
Kindness to Animals?
Have they heard the stories about his many
kind deeds to animals?

The abandoned puppy whom he carried
from the icy river?
The rescue of the kitten who was being
drowned by six boys, each one bigger
than

Abraham?
The precious good clothes he spoiled to save
the pig in the mud?
The nestling fallen from the nest?
The motherless kittens at the war-front?
If not, tell them.
A whole crop of future Emancipators will
get planted.

No child can emancipate the world from
anything,
Unless he has practice when he's little.
And the animal is the person
Weaker than himself.
Did you ever think of that?

Admired friend, I know you are busy.
You are responsible for everything,
"From Adenoids and Apperception to
Ventilation and Vaccination,"
And the Zest of life.
There are no more half-minutes left during
school hours.
But why not let them do their
Oral and Written English,

And those things we used to call Rhetor-
icals,
On something they *already* care about,
Instead of on something they ought to care
about, but don't?

Some of us have taught Kindness to Ani-
mals
And organized Bands of Mercy
For years,
With all sorts of children, from
Little tots to great big boys,
Over-privileged, privileged, and under-priv-
ileged children,
In city and country,
And we never saw one who was not inter-
ested.
It's just as easy as interesting them in
ICE-CREAM.

Reader,
Won't You please
Try it?

Humane Calendars for 1931

A beautiful calendar, with twelve full-
page colored illustrations of birds of Can-
ada, has been published by the Toronto
Humane Society, 11 St. Albans Street, To-
ronto, Ont., at 50 cents.

A very practical calendar is put out by
the Scottish S. P. C. A., 19 Melville Street,
Edinburgh, with a block pad containing a
leaf for every business day of the year, the
figures being printed in red ink in large
type. This is being sold for the benefit of
the Society. It will be mailed, post free,
upon receipt of 50 cents (two shillings).

The Connecticut Humane Society, with
headquarters in Hartford, has published a
calendar with reproductions of three hu-
mane posters made by school children, using
the special pad of the American Humane
Education Society.

A Deserved Castigation

The Wakefield, Mass., Item, after de-
scribing the tortures endured by a number
of wild and domestic animals as the result
of certain trapping devices used by a man
named LeFave who escaped with a fine of
\$50, concludes its editorial with the fol-
lowing:—

Wakefield could get along very nicely
without LeFave, and we think we voice the
sentiment of every dog-lover and believer
in a sporting chance for wild creatures in
saying that we are ashamed to admit he
lives here and wouldn't insult the most-de-
spised sister community by wishing him
elsewhere.

As Much Sense as the Man

The most vicious outlaw horse in a
recent rodeo show at Vancouver, B. C.,
was "Wild Boy," who had never let any-
one come near him, let alone ride him.
The show manager had despaired of doing
anything with him. One day the chief of
police came along and offered \$20 for the
animal. The offer was accepted. Now a
proud-stepping horse carries a police ser-
geant around his beat on Vancouver
streets, or stands quiet and immovable as
a statue at traffic corners. He is Wild
Boy, tamed by a gentle touch and a kindly
voice.
—Exchange

In Its Eighth Edition

THE English edition of "The Teacher's Helper," which was adapted for use in Great Britain by Ernest Bell from the original edition prepared by Dr. Francis H. Rowley, is now in its eighth printing and is being published by the National Council for Animals' Welfare, London. Mr. Bell writes to President Rowley: "I hope it may circulate many more thousands amongst our schools and may sow more and more good seed amongst the teachers, who certainly here are taking much more interest in humane education than they did a few years ago. I believe this is so also in your land. We are marching on, no doubt, and may congratulate ourselves and each other."

Keep Militarism Out of Schools

There has been introduced into the third session of the seventy-first Congress a bill, known as H. R. 15422, by Representative Edward Browne of Wisconsin, intended to withdraw War Department aid from military courses in high schools, which should have the support of all who believe that one of the ways to stop war is to stop military training in schools. We congratulate Representative Browne on the presentation of this measure, and ask all our readers to communicate with their representatives in Congress asking support for this bill. The proposed act does not effect colleges or essentially military schools, but only regular high and secondary schools.

To Stop Cruelty in Nice

At the request of a valued correspondent, we publish the following communication:—

A letter has reached me asking that humane publicity may be given a condition in Nice, France. My friend, an American who lives there, writes, in part, as follows:

"A tax is paid by the strangers in Nice. It goes to the city, none to the animals which are dreadfully treated. The dogs are killed by charcoal and I hear they used to be half-baked before they were dead.

"My idea is to start a propaganda in our American humane journals against Nice because of this great cruelty, which campaign would soon have the effect of stopping it. The French are vulnerable through their pockets. Nice has had two bad seasons and they fear another. So, if they find that Americans will not come here because of the cruelty to animals, it will put a stop to the cruelty."

The rights of the helpless, even though they be brutes, must be protected by those who have superior power. WILLIAM JAMES

"Were your bees a success last summer?"
"Excellent. We didn't get much honey, but they stung the tax collector most thoroughly."
—Magasin

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. offers a reward of \$15 for evidence leading to the conviction of any one violating the new anti-steel-trap law of Massachusetts.

DECEASED FRIENDS

Who Made Bequests to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society in 1930

NOTE:—Names of all earlier deceased friends, making similar bequests, appear in the issues of *Our Dumb Animals* for February, 1928, 1929, and 1930.

Dr. Freeman Allen, Boston
Charles A. Bacon, Bolton
Mabel R. Bickford, Bristol, N. H.
Major Frank H. Briggs, Boston
Sarah J. Briggs, Attleboro
Miss Minnie J. Cantine, Locke, N. Y.
Henry W. Cunningham, Milton
Annie M. Dore, Jacksonville, Fla.
Edith Emerson Forbes, Milton
Clara F. Gay, Norwood
Miss Electa Lillian Goodman, Lenox
Ellen P. Hall, Cambridge
Mercy Frances Harding, Westboro
Mrs. Anna L. Hoag, Chelsea
Isabella R. Hooper, Centre Harbor, N. H.
Mrs. Blanche E. Houghton, Belmont
John Kinnear, Cambridge
Bertha G. Kent, Watertown
Dr. Marcus W. Knight, Milford
Mary E. Lamson, Boston
William Beltran de Las Casas, Malden
Mary E. Lawton, New Bedford
Miss Ellen F. Mason, Boston
Elinor K. O'Barton, Boston
Matilda Beckett Park, Somerville
J. L. Pease, Chicopee
Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, Newton
Clara J. Pitts, Millville
Emma Reed, Boston
Emilie M. Rich, Somerville
Elizabeth Miner Richardson, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Evelyn H. Robbins, Brookline
Mrs. Milton Robbins, New York, N. Y.
W. L. Robinson, Mansfield
Mrs. Sarah Turle Robson, Duluth, Minn.
Martha A. Smith, Eagle Grove, Iowa
Mary W. Springer, Boston
Kathleen D. Spurr, Worcester
Henry R. Stone, Hyde Park
Louise M. Sweet, Keene, N. H.
Anna Copp Taylor, Carmen, Manitoba
Dr. George B. Twitchell, Greenfield
Lillie E. Wilcox, Lowell
Michael Winburn, Paris, France

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, Chairman of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, Vice-President of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, and Philip Stockton, President of the First National Bank of Boston, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

General U. S. Grant

ALL the statements made herein about Grant were taken from the work of W. E. Woodward entitled "Meet General Grant," who wrote this book, after perusing the works of about 150 authors, in the year 1928.

Grant was a lover of animals.

He detested war. At the bottom of his heart he was a pacifist throughout his life.

He said he never went into the army without regret and never retired without pleasure and that he never saw a war picture that was pleasant.

He said, "I have never altogether forgiven myself for going into the Mexican war as I considered it most unjust."

At the battle of Cold Harbor, seeing so many of his men shot down, he threw himself on his bed face down and wept like a child for half an hour.

He fought as he did because he believed it would so weaken the enemy's forces that the war would be brought to a close more quickly and so lessen the destruction of lives in the final result.

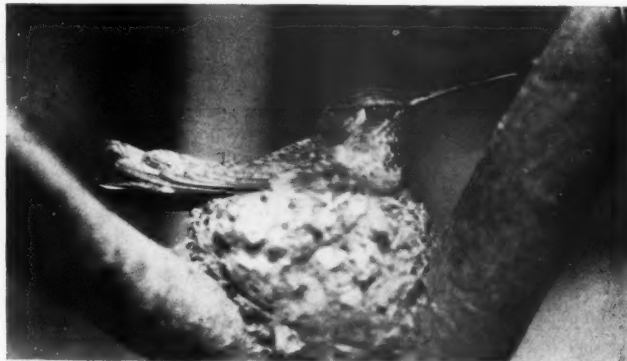
Grant considered God a pacifist—and an internationalist.

He said: "I believe that our Great Maker is preparing this world in His own good time to become one nation, speaking one language, and when armies and navies will no longer be required."

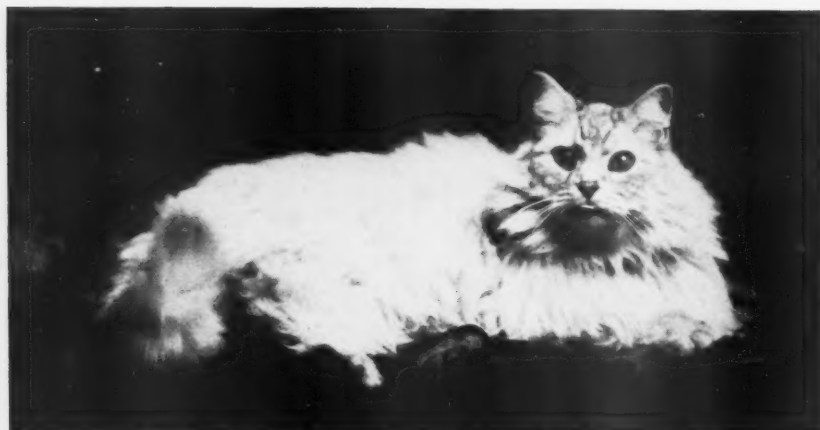
An Albino Crow

C. E. HOWARD

Mr. C. M. Stitt of Los Angeles, Calif., has come into possession of a *rara avis*. Recently when on a trip into the Mojave Desert his attention was attracted by a great flock of crows surrounding and attacking some feathered object. On driving them away and rescuing the victim, he discovered he had found a white or albino crow. It was in about the last stage of exhaustion and easily caught, so he secured it and brought it home. Aside from its eyes, beak and feet there isn't a speck of black on its entire body, which is about the size of the average sable-colored bird, and Mr. Stitt estimates it is approximately a year old. Having lived out on the desert, it was quite an adept at imitating a coyote's call, but now, evidently realizing that it is going to become a city dweller, it has begun to try to talk, as well as to mimic other sounds it hears.



HUMMING-BIRD ON NEST IN OAK TREE



"SILVERLOCKS" WHO HAD A NEEDLE REMOVED IN SUCCESSFUL OPERATION AT ANGELL HOSPITAL

Remarkable Hospital Case

THIS is a picture of "Silverlocks," a Silver Persian, descendant of a long line of blue-ribbon winners though never exhibited at a show, because his mistress is afraid that the change and confinement would be harmful. His owner Mrs. Marguerite A. Blank, Winchester, Mass., says that his life was saved by Dr. Dailey and the veterinary staff at the Angell Memorial Hospital a few weeks ago.

"They have saved him from many sicknesses in his 14 years," she writes, "but this time was serious and rather unusual. Having a throat trouble apparent, a veterinary was called who said the cat had a throat infection; he gave remedies which did not help, then another was called, and still no relief. The trouble grew worse, the head and throat began to swell, as an abscess formed, so he could not eat—had to be fed liquids with a spoon. Then he was placed under Dr. Dailey's personal supervision at the Angell Hospital. The X-ray showed an operation to be necessary, and imbedded deep in the abscess was found a needle about two inches long with a piece of thread attached. The condition showed it had been there a long time. I cannot say too much of the wonderful care he had at the hospital, and of his complete recovery.

"Silverlocks can shake hands, say please in a small tone for any food, and kiss one's hand in appreciation."

Dog Biscuits Must Be Pure

BENNETT B. SMITH

Dogs of Kansas are about to come into their own. There are 190,000 known dogs in the state with perhaps as many more not registered. They are to have a law to guarantee to them that no impure food is to be served them—so far as manufactured dog biscuits are concerned.

Kansas was the first state in the union to pass pure food laws for people. After this came a law covering the food for cattle. This keeps all stock-food free from adulteration. After all this came the pure drug act and following closely on this was a similar one for live stock. Now comes a law covering dog biscuits and manufacturers of these have been notified that they must be pure and mixed properly."

Night Work

ELIZABETH THOMAS

THE longer I own my little bay driving horse the more I appreciate his wisdom and his keen, almost too keen sense of humor. It seems to me that he must spend hours working out some ingenious plan to mystify and annoy us poor humans. His latest trick was simple enough when explained but certainly complex before I found the cause of it.

Since the weather has become cold, I have not been able to exercise the horses as often as they really need, and they have had plenty of time to stand in their stalls and grow fat. In the case of the little bay, idleness breeds mischief.

One night I woke up suddenly about midnight for no apparent reason. The entire house was quiet, nothing seemed to be wrong anywhere, and yet I was certain that there must have been some unusual noise to wake me so quickly. My first thought is always of the horses, but though I listened carefully there was no sound from the barn. So I was just preparing to go back to sleep when the shrillest, most piercing, nerve-wracking sound imaginable echoed through the house. It was a horrible noise, and it lasted for seemingly interminable seconds. The best way I can describe it is that it was a good bit like the sound produced when the blade of one's knife scrapes across a plate or tin, producing a particularly irritating squeal. But this noise was prolonged until it was almost unbearable. Then it ceased as abruptly as it began and everything was silent once more. But the silence did not last, and after two more of those horrible screeches all idea of sleep was driven from my mind. From long experience I have learned that almost all the unusual night noises around our premises originate in the barn. So I dressed and went into the barn to see if anything unusual was taking place. Apparently nothing was. The horses all greeted me with surprised whinnies, but though I examined their stalls with painstaking thoroughness I found nothing that I considered capable of causing such unearthly noises as I had been hearing. Nevertheless, I had no sooner reached my bedroom than the sound rang out again, worse than before. This time there was no doubt that it came from

The Old Hitching-Post

ALMA INGRAM

*I've stood the tests of yester-years
And banished many riders' fears;
And though I've been a gracious host,
The friends have gone I loved the most.*

*The coach I miss, with prancing steeds,
The footman and his kindly deeds;
Fair maiden's lovely, golden tress,
Her quaint and fine old ruffled dress.*

*The covered wagon's rattle dims,
No more its wheel o'er rough road spins;
Old friends I've held within my bounds
Have ceased now with their many sounds.*

*For now I hear no friendly neighs
To comrades of the bygone days;
To ring-tie do they no more trot,
O, can it be that I'm forgot?*

*I stand unseen amid the throng,
There's something surely very wrong;
My heartaches no one seems to share,
The good old friends have gone—O where?*

the barn. I crept cautiously back downstairs and listened carefully at the door. Not a sound. Then I went in and opened the door of the bay horse's stall. He turned and looked at me with an aggrieved expression which seemed to say, "You always pick on me, and I haven't done a thing." I was almost convinced, almost, but not quite, for I surprised a very naughty twinkle in the little imp's eye when I turned toward him suddenly. But if he were guilty he certainly would be too wise to allow me to find it out easily.

For several nights afterward all was quiet and then the screeching began again. This time I managed to get into the barn without being heard by the horses. Beyond the shadow of a doubt the bay was the culprit. But how was he doing it? The answer was simple enough when the beam of my flashlight caught him in the act.

The racks which hold the hay in my horse-stalls are made of short lengths of iron pipe set quite close together. These racks are not straight but slanting. By taking one of these pipes firmly in his mouth, near the top, and sliding his teeth down the whole length of the pipe the little bay created the squealing screech which had so disturbed my sleep.

Once caught in mischief the bay seldom tries that particular thing again until he thinks we have forgotten it. So for the present my slumbers are undisturbed.

..

The lion is commonly considered "the king of beasts." But is the lion really a king of beasts? Mr. Harry C. Ostrander, of Yonkers, N. Y., in a lecture at the Commercial Museum recently, claimed that "the elephant is the true king of beasts, in size, strength, mental capacity and dignity of character." The lecturer further stated that the elephant, in spite of his enormous size, is one of the best swimmers in the animal kingdom. In an official report from India, it was stated that a herd of seventy-nine elephants at one place swam six hours without touching bottom.

..

Remember the American Humane Education Society when making your will.

New Stories of Lincoln and Animals

Now first published with an original photograph of a portrait by William Patterson

Lincoln Loved Animals

BERT MOREHOUSE

ABRAM LINCOLN, the great-hearted emancipator, was an outdoor pioneer, and loved everything that had to do with nature. During his early years he was engaged in a variety of occupations, most of which took him out into the open spaces. He became a wood-splitter very young. He was large for his age, and when he was eight years old, he had an axe put in his hand, and from that until he was twenty-three he was almost constantly handling that most useful implement. His cousin, Dennis Hanks, said of Lincoln, that "if you heard him felling trees in a clearing you would say there were three men at work by the way the trees fell."

And, of course, Abraham Lincoln was raised to farm work, which he continued until he was a young man, but nowhere do you find any record of him being otherwise than kind to the animals. Everyone has heard or read of the story of Lincoln and the pig. He was a young lawyer at the time and on his way with horse and buggy to town. He saw the pig caught in the fence. He stopped his horse, got out of the buggy and released the pig to save it from injury, although he muddled his clothes in doing this kind deed. One day, as a boy, he found an injured snowbird while cutting wood in the timber land. He took off his coonskin cap and sheltered the bird in it, while he walked home bare-headed through the falling snow. When the snowbird's wound healed, due to his kind care, Lincoln took it back into the woods and set it free.

Some of Lincoln's neighbors liked him so well that they even named their animals after him. Mr. Lincoln always took it as a good joke. One day an intimate friend and neighbor of his met him on the street, and announced to Mr. Lincoln the birth of a son whom he, the neighbor, had named Lincoln in his honor. To which Mr. Lincoln replied:

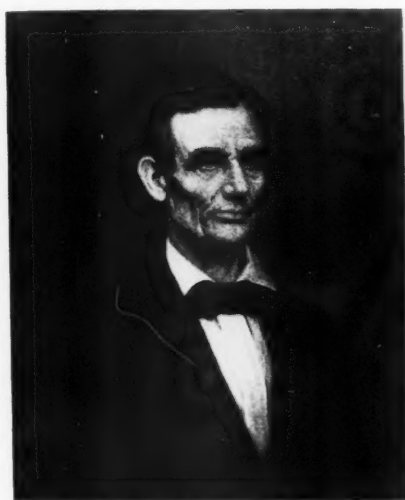
"Ah, good! That makes two namesakes for me today. I just met Jase Miller and he told me he had named his fine bull-calf 'Linkern' after me."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The Editor, always interested in Lincoln lore, wrote to Mr. Morehouse, asking his authority for the above-described anecdotes, and received this very interesting reply:—

Dear Mr. Richardson:

Captain J. W. Muffy, my father-in-law, was a Civil War soldier, knew Lincoln, and lectured on the war and Lincoln for many years. He is dead. I do not know his authority for the snowbird story. He wrote a book on the exploits of his regiment, but there is nothing about it in the book. I do not have access to any of his material.

Bishop Fowler was acquainted with Lincoln, also lectured on the man, and he related the pig in the fence incident. I know that many authorities, like Dr. Barton, state the pig was mired. I am from the farm and know from experience that a healthy porker is seldom stuck in the mud. His ability to wallow through is admirable.



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN PAINTED BY WILLIAM PATTERSON FOR THE NEW ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO, ILL.

I have seen more than one of them caught under a fence, trying to get where they didn't belong; so I favor the fence idea. Anyway, the bishop is dead.

The father of the late Senator Dubois of Springfield, Illinois, was an intimate friend of Lincoln, and named one of his sons after the President. He it was who told Mr. Lincoln of the naming of the new baby, and it was to him that Mr. Lincoln made the remark about the bull-calf, "Linkern." But all the gentlemen are dead. However, the story is authenticated by a lady, a relative of the Dubois', who lives in this city (Pasadena, California). I have her name and address in my file.

Sincerely,

BERT MOREHOUSE

Lincoln Kind to His Horse

JOHN B. BEHREND'S

IN the days of old when Lincoln drove through the country as a practising lawyer there were no long stretches of hard road, such as now crisscross practically all areas of the United States. On the contrary, the mud was often "quite bottomless," and traveling with horse and buggy was almost impossible. The wheels of the vehicle left a deep trail, and when meeting another buggy proceeding in the opposite direction it was quite difficult to pull aside out of the deep rut so that each traveler might acquire half of the highway in passing. The wheels would be hub deep in the mire, and to turn out of such a deep track was sometimes quite impossible, and extremely difficult to do at any time.

Once when Abraham Lincoln was attempting to guide his horse out of such a muddy road the strain proved too great on one of the shafts and the end of it snapped off. As it did so the broken part of it was thrust forward and plunged deeply into the horse's body between his

front legs. Lincoln immediately unhitched the animal from the vehicle, and had to use all his strength to pull the broken end of the shaft from between the fore legs of the injured horse. Then, fearing that "Prince"—for that was the horse's name—would die of blood poisoning, he hurried over to a Mr. Lee, who had had experiences with horses, and was later on after the Civil War the greatest veterinary in the country. He said that it was impossible to save the animal and advised Lincoln to kill it. "No," said Lincoln, "I am going to try to save that horse."

A swab, or cloth wrapped around a stick, was then inserted in the wound to clean it out. The veterinary, William Lee, then made a preparation of some jimson weeds crushed to a pulp to be applied to the wound when it was swabbed out. Lincoln himself administered this service to the injured Prince. For ten days the wound was thus cleaned out twice daily by the kind-hearted Lincoln. He would let no one else perform this difficult service for his faithful animal. Many hours at night he sat on a stool near Prince, so that he might help him whenever he appeared restless or in pain. The studious Lincoln made double use of those hours at night while watching his horse, for by the light of a candle he read books and pondered problems in his mind.

Under Lincoln's watchful eye the animal's wound healed rapidly, so that in a short time Lincoln was able to drive the horse again. A deep hole remained, however, where the injury had occurred, so deep, in fact, that one could place his fist in the cavity. This horse was a chestnut sorrel with a flaxen mane and tail.

John Comstock, who now lives in Chicago, was formerly employed as Lincoln's driver. He said that Lincoln had heard of him as being a good rider at a race-track near there, and was desirous of having him to take care of his horses. So he searched for the young man until he found him. Comstock said that Lincoln had three horses while he was working for him. One of them was a spry and lively animal, and Lincoln would not let any one drive it but himself, being afraid that the horse might become unmanageable in other hands and run away. But after Comstock said that no horse had ever ran away with him yet, and that he thought he could manage the animal, Lincoln consented to let him drive it.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In response to an enquiry from the Editor as to the authority for this story, Mr. Behrends writes: "The facts of this article were told to me by a Mr. Comstock, who lives in the flat above me here at this address. He is eighty-three years old, and was a driver for Abraham Lincoln when the latter practised law at Springfield, Illinois. He drove his carriage for him for ten months, and knows whereof he speaks."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, a supply of special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Four hundred and twenty-four new Bands of Mercy were reported during December, nearly all being in schools. Of these, 108 were in Massachusetts, 95 in Georgia, 85 in Virginia, 54 in Texas, 41 in Rhode Island, 21 in Pennsylvania, seven in Maine, six in Illinois, four in Tennessee, and three in Syria.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 180,079

The Indian and His Dogs

E. W. BRUNSDEN

UNLESS you have spent some time on or near Indian reservations, your knowledge of the existing varieties of mongrel dogs is likely to be incomplete. The North American Indian loves his dogs, and he has whole-heartedly adopted the principle that there is always room for one more. Every wagon that rumbles into Western towns and villages near the reserves has three, four or five dogs of varying colors, heights and conformations running ahead, beneath or behind it, according to the natures passed to them by their uncertain ancestry, and more likely than not as many more have been left to guard the tepee during the absence of the family.

Now and then you will find a well-bred animal in the band. Sometimes an otherwise intelligent dog will leave a comfortable home offering two or even three full meals a day and the best of quarters throughout the year, to live a nomadic life crowded with uncertainties, but, for the most part, the Indians' bodyguards are admixtures of everything from cocker spaniel to Russian wolfhound. They are invariably hungry and always at the mercy of the elements, but there is a glamour about their lives which seems to overshadow all the disadvantages. If you can entice

one to follow you home, and this happens rarely, he may stay two or three days, but after he has rejoined his fellows you will come to the conclusion it was only your provisions he hankered for, and the next time you see him trailing his owner, more likely than not he will pass you without a sign of recognition.

There is about as much chance of entering an Indian encampment unheralded as there is of attending a Fascist celebration without seeing a black shirt. At the earliest sign of approach a dozen alert sentries give the alarm, and long before you reach the first dwelling this has swelled until you can with difficulty hear your own voice. Staccato yelps and weird moans mingle with throaty howls, and unless you are a particularly brave individual you will remain where you are until one of the Indian braves enquires your business.

All Indians may look alike to white folk, but not to their dogs. You will see the same wagon with the same pair of decrepit horses, on two or three occasions, but always it is followed by the same pack of dogs. However abusive the master may be, although in justice it should be said the aborigine is remarkably fond of his canines and usually treats them well, it apparently never occurs to the ill-used to seek refuge in the shelter of another tepee. They stick. It is not an uncommon sight to see three or four animals around a newly made Indian grave, and instances are on record where dogs have died of hunger rather than leave their red-skinned owners in death.

The best dispositioned dog I ever owned was given me as a puppy by one of my Indian friends. "Jip" made a brave show of being an Airedale but I could never forget his collie-sheep dog-husky mother. He embraced the tenets of civilization sufficiently early to satisfy my somewhat exacting mother in his conduct around the house, but at the end of twelve happy years he proved he was Indian beneath the skin, for when I enlisted and left home for service overseas, he died—of a broken heart.

In the Lowell School, Colorado Springs, Colo., there are over 500 members of the Band of Mercy.

Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good. EMERSON



NO COURT OF ARBITRATION NEEDED HERE

Kind Deeds of Band in Missouri

IN December Miss Marie French, secretary of the Humane Society of St. Joseph and Buchanan County, Missouri, organized a very enthusiastic and active Band of



FIVE-YEAR-OLD MEMBERS OF WILLOW BROOK BAND OF MERCY

Mercy at the Willow Brook School, Willow Brook, Mo., with 40 members, the youngest being a little past five years old. The president is Mrs. A. E. Mowry of St. Joseph, one of the teachers at the school.

One of the kind deeds of the members was providing Christmas cheer for a family of five children, the oldest being in the second grade at school, while the father is in the State Hospital. It took three cars to take the provisions to the family. The children also went to the home of an aged couple, who are afflicted with paralysis, and put on a Band of Mercy program for them.

Christmas Tree for Georgia Horses

Under the auspices of the Millicent Comfort Band of Mercy, Augusta, Georgia, a big Christmas tree for horses was given at the headquarters, 1117 Turpin Street. George R. Sousa, president and humane officer, acted the part of Santa Claus and decorated the tree with tinsel and all the fixings, including a bag of feed for each horse which filed "application." Each bag contained a fine ration of corn, oats and hay. About fifty horses came at high noon, Christmas day, to enjoy their gifts.

Another Birds' Christmas Tree

The pupils of the low first grade of Formwalt school, Atlanta, Georgia, gave a surprise to the birds in their neighborhood during the Christmas season by erecting a tree full of goodies for their feathered friends. The festivities were under the direction of the teacher, Mrs. A. C. Frost.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Mercy to the Weak

OPEN your heart to the world.
Blessings you have to spare;
What joy can possession bring
Except in the chance to share?

Open your heart to the dumb;
Seeking for love in vain;
Those faithful friends of man
Who turn to us in pain.

Give what you can to help,
Answer their mute despair;
Oh, can you pass them by
And say that you do not care?

ETHEL FAIRMONT

Our Dog

MARGUERITE GODE

We have a rompish little dog
That follows us about.
He has a short pump-handle tail
To pump his gladness out.

His eyes are like shoe buttons
brown;

But where do you suppose
He found a button big enough
To fasten on his nose?

"Bobs" and the Crows

E. H. BUTTERFIELD

TWO young crows were brought to a country house in the spring. Tragedy had come upon their nest, so the household, particularly ten-year-old Grant, devoted much time to feeding and caring for them. Their wings were clipped so that they might not get too far away before they were able to take care of themselves, and they were soon annoying as well as amusing pets. "Bobs" in particular was annoyed by them. His food dish was placed not far from theirs and they delighted in stealing choice bits from his meal, and then they would apparently laugh at him.

But his dislike for them was nothing when compared with their hate for a neighbor's dog named "Chips." When the crows, "Juliet" and "Caesar," went waddling or half fluttering down the lane, Chips delighted in coming along and barking at them. They'd flutter into a tree and scold until Chips grew weary and went home.

One day as they hobbled down the lane through the woods they came to an open place where there were no trees or bushes close enough for refuge. From the opposite side came Chips in high glee. He barked, and poor little Juliet and Caesar shrieked loudly. Bobs, on the front porch a few hundred feet away through the woods, heard the smaller dog and recognized that teasing, delighted yelp. Then he heard the crows' call of fright and dismay. With a bound he was off through the woods and into the clearing. With no preliminaries, no comment from Bobs, Chips or the birds, the crows flew to the dog's back and quietly and with much dignity Bobs carried his master's pets home at a steady little trot.



Photo from Boston Herald

CHRISTMAS TREE FOR BIRDS ERECTED BY MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

A Christmas Tree for Birds

THE Children's Museum at Olmsted Park, Jamaica Plain, Mass., is a place where boys and girls of all ages delight to gather. Here was the scene of a happy and busy group of children, some fifty or more, when a Christmas Tree for the winter birds was set up on their playground and trimmed with all the delicacies and attractions of the season.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. presented the tree and sent assistance and food in its preparation. Generous contributions were also brought by the children who, with eager hands, quickly made the tree branches to fairly sag with the weight of foods that the birds find good. There were tiny baskets of seed and grains in much variety, bits of suet, cuttings of sweet apple, strings of popcorn and cranberries, and on the ground around the tree a veritable carpet of bread crumbs was strewn by the little folks.

Picture taking followed with the usual difficulty of crowding so large and excited a Christmas party in space sufficient to include all. Dr. Francis H. Rowley closed the exercises with a short talk in which he praised the band of nature and bird lovers for their thoughtfulness, and related instances to show how much food the birds need and how grateful they are for the help given them.

Flowers that grow in a greenhouse
Must miss the outdoors green and blue—
I'm almost as sorry for them as
For animals grown in a zoo.

R. McCANN

Bird Sanctuaries and Conservation

PHILLIP W. WARREN

AT this time of the year, the bird-lover's attention is vividly focused on the problem of the conservation of our valuable birds. For, at this particular period of the year, there is a huge army of hunters which goes forth into our woods and fields intent on killing game, not for food, as the pioneers did, but for sport. It is evident that hunters are increasing out of all proportion to the game, since game birds are decreasing rapidly while the army of hunters is increasing. Ten years ago the sound of a bob-white was not unusual about my house. Now, I never hear those welcome notes. In those same good days, one could walk in his woods without danger of being mistaken for some game. Now, in spite of posters, hunters are thick in my woods. Today, the game bird hasn't a chance against his superior foe, man. If, by any chance, the bird eludes one hunter, there are a hundred other sportsmen on the watch for him. The hunter, aided by science, has produced an all too perfect weapon to aid him in his sport. What is to be the outcome of this situation? Are we to allow the bob-white, the ruffed grouse, and the woodcock to join the ranks of the passenger pigeon, the great auk, and the heath hen? Obviously, unless our sanctuaries are increased in number and made more secure than they are at present, the coming generations will be devoid of these and other birds.

However, the sanctuary spirit is spreading rapidly now, and it is possible that the conservation army may fulfill its purpose, filling for posterity the depleted ranks of our native birds. Sanctuaries, where properly established, serve their purpose well. The purpose of a bird sanctuary is to provide refuge for the birds from their chief enemy, man. Incidentally, sanctuaries provide refuge from many of the birds' natural enemies such as the elements and cats. Even small, inexpensive sanctuaries which are posted against hunters and in which food is kept for the birds help to a considerable extent in keeping the birds from the depredations of their enemies. Birds quickly recognize the value of a sanctuary and seem to know where the boundaries of the safety-zone are. Jack Miner, that true sportsman and conservationist, said that when the Canada geese leave his sanctuary on migrations, they fly well out of the range of the hunters, station-

ed just outside of the boundary lines, eagerly awaiting the coming of the birds. This fact disproves the theory that sanctuaries tame the birds to such an extent that they easily fall prey to hunters outside of the sanctuary bounds. In fact, in the state of Pennsylvania, which has gone much farther in the establishing of sanctuaries than most other states, the numbers of certain species of birds are increasing rapidly while the hunters are also increasing. The results obtained by Pennsylvania's experiment prove that the sanctuary method in conservation is a good one.

However, successful wild-life sanctuaries are essential if we are going to do our utmost in preserving our wild birds. There are several factors which go to make up a successful sanctuary. In the first place it must be well defined by boundary lines and must be well posted. Roads make good boundary lines, and fences, especially vermin-proof fences are good for defining a sanctuary. These fences and other boundary lines should be well posted with good posters placed at regular intervals and on a level with a person's eye as he approaches the sanctuary. In the second place, a sanctuary must be well patrolled. If the sanctuary is a private one, it may be included in the patrol of the local game warden. Since game wardens are not very plentiful, it has been suggested by a well-known judge that the owner patrol the sanctuary at regular times with an aggressive dog. Even though a bird sanctuary is well posted and well patrolled, it is still lacking a third important condition. The sanctuary must contain food and shelter if the birds are going to utilize it. Food may be furnished by means of food-bearing shrubs and trees such as Russian mulberry, and wild cherry trees. In the winter time food must be supplied in food shelves. Shelter may be supplied by means of bramble patches, sheaves of wheat, and corn shocks. The two last mean food supply in addition to shelter.

It is obvious that if enough sanctuaries of the secure type are supplied throughout the land, our wild birds will be on the increase. Our conservation army must be augmented to a greater extent in order to establish more refuges. Our slogan must become "Bigger and better bird sanctuaries and more of them," so that the last heath hen may not have died in vain.

Silent Suffering

L. E. EUBANKS

I HAVE been talking to a man who has two dogs, a collie and a Boston terrier. He keeps them both tied in the yard, and says he will have to make some other arrangements for the collie because he suffers from the confinement.

When I asked how he knew that the one dog was more distressed than the other, he said that the collie howled a great deal, while the Boston seldom gave voice.

That's a popular mistake—judging the degree of an animal's discomfort by his vocal remonstrance. I tried to explain that the terrier was probably just as much dissatisfied as the collie, but was naturally silent. The collie may suffer even less than his companion, because his breed is comparatively noisy.

One of the most pathetic sights in the world is the way in which animals bear pain. If a dog has his leg broken he will cry at first. Soon he will walk about carrying the injured member off the ground, looking wistful but not complaining.

Similarly, a cat that has been hurt may make a little noise at the first shock, but then it will be perfectly silent. Horses badly wounded on the battlefield will very rarely make any sound. A bird, although it may make a frightened noise when it has been captured by a cat, is absolutely silent when it has been seriously injured.

Perhaps many human beings who make a fuss about some trifling pain could well take a lesson in fortitude from the animals. The fact that our dumb friends bear so much with quiet heroism should make us very careful not to hurt them.

Intimidation prevents some pets from expressing their discomfort; they have been so often scolded and whipped for the natural use of their voices that the fear of reproof by the thoughtless, violent master is greater than the pain they endure.

Thus to have cowed an animal is a crime. The eyes often tell much, and if your pet is a non-talker look into his eyes before you decide that silence always means comfort. In my experience with dogs, I have always relied greatly on this, and it applies to all animals, including man; usually both the condition of health and the state of mind can be read in the eyes.

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